

*Ed. Higginsbottom*

# DADDY'S PIPE

## Song

THE WORDS BY

Chas. D. Bingham

The Music by

# F. BOSCOVITZ.

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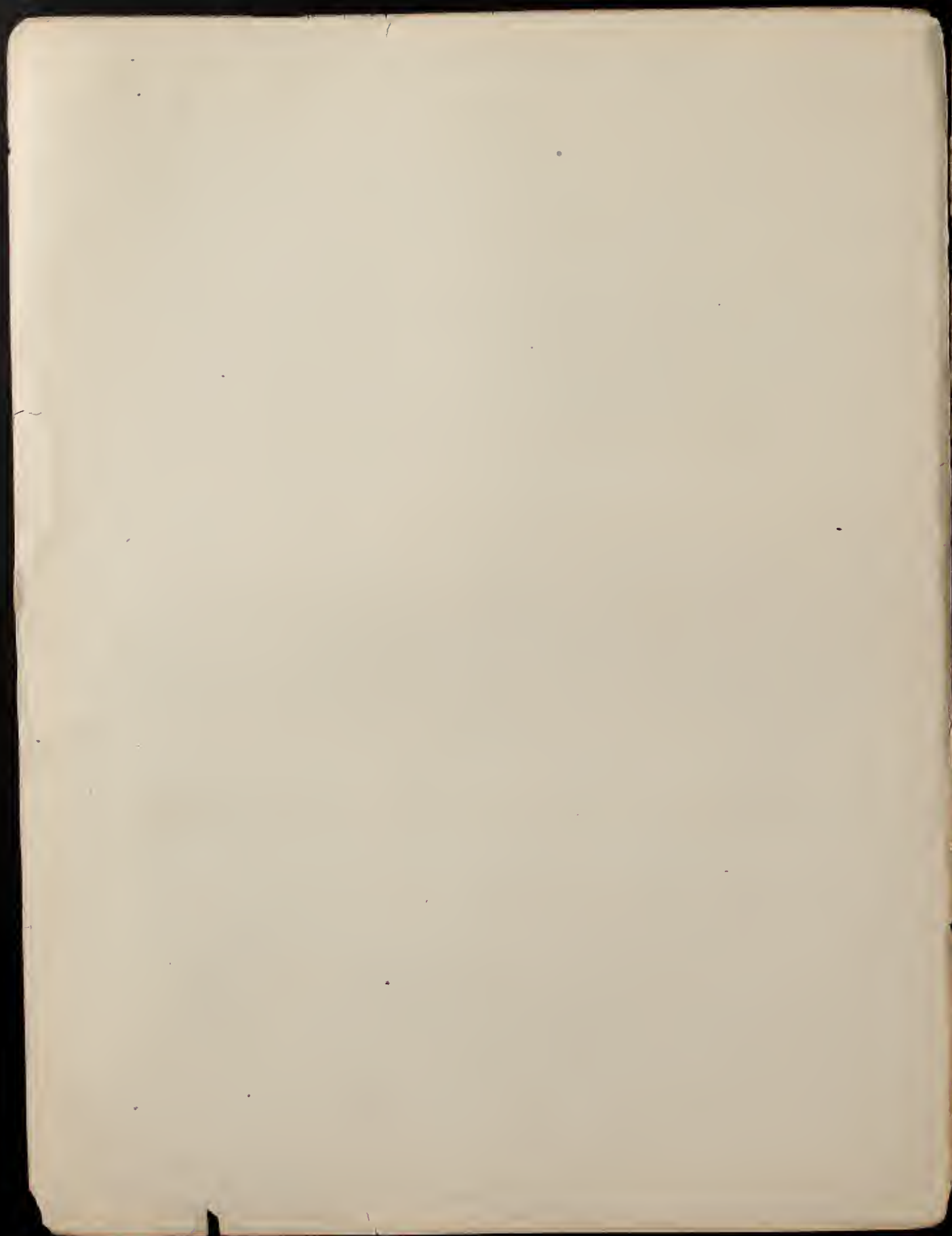
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# DADDY'S PIPE.

Words by  
CHAS. D. BINGHAM.

Music by  
F. BOSCOVITZ.

Moderato.

*fp*  
A - bout this pipe I

*ff*  
smoke to-night, This pipe I love so well, You ask me why I cling to it? There's

*fp*  
mag - ie in its spell! In

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*rall.*

wreaths of smoke that from it rise, In flee-y clouds of gray, I see the one who

*fp* *fp*

gave it me, Be-fore I sail'd a-way! Be-fore I sail'd a-

*fp a tempo.*

*un poco allegro.*

way! 'Tis dog watch, lads! hal-lo there! All hands on deck be-

*fp*

low there! Our ship rides free, ye ho! lads ho! No cares have we! ye ho! The





as he brush'd a - way a tear He spake these words to me.

"Long years I've had this pipe my lad! Tho' old and black it

*rall*  
be, Re - mem-ber 'twas your Dad-dy's pipe 'Twas he who gave it ye!

*fp un poco allegro.*  
'Twas he who gave it ye!" 'Tis dog watch, lads! hal-

lo! there! All hands on deek! be - low, there! Our ship rides free! ye ho! lads, ho! No

cares have we! ye ho! *f* The moon shines clear a - bove us, We dream of those who

love us! In fan cies bright Our pipes we light, *f* We'll smoke, and dream of

home! *ff*

